

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

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APRIL 25, 1916.

FACING THE TEST.

Referring to President Wilson's ultimatum to Germany, the press of the country has had much to say. Whether or not we are ready for the test, has been the source of much comment. The president in his address to congress asked the question himself. He defined it as "the test of our composition as a nation, of our courage as individuals, of our spirit and manliness." Such a test may do us good, if worse comes to worse, seems to be the popular opinion, "as a means of unifying us; spiritualizing, intergrading, strengthening us; rendering us better able to meet other dangers that we may see the future offering," as epitomized by the New York World.

This is a wise spirit in which to accept a critical situation. And evidently the American public is taking it so. There is a real and abiding love of peace among our people, stronger than ever before since in the present conflict we have seen war unmasked in all its horrors. But there is also a growing appreciation that there may be worse things than war—that a nation, like a man, had "better not be at all than not be noble"—that it is right and worth while to fight, at whatever cost, to save national honor, and still more so to fight for the welfare of mankind.

As the St. Louis Republic says, "We pray that we may be guided in the way of peace with all men. But should we be called upon to unsheathe the sword in the vindication of the liberties of nations, as we have already in vindication of the liberties of individuals, we shall not flinch."

It may even be that we have no right to enjoy the blessings of peace while the rest of the great nations are in agony. Recently irresistible events have seemed to be pushing us into the conflict. There are invisible forces which control human movements and shape history. Wise men often call them Providence. Can it be that we have a providential role to play in the great war, and must play it, whether we wish it or not?

At any rate, our conscience is clear. We have done what we could to avoid war. We are still eager to accept any honorable way of avoidance. But if it comes to the worst, and we are driven imperatively by the two duties of self-preservation and world-service, there can be no doubt that we have the courage to face our task and see it through.

And such a task, undertaken in such a spirit, might prove to be a blessing after all, giving us new national unity, new self-respect, and the grateful regard of the majority of mankind.

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY.

Tonight democratic delegates to the state convention at Indianapolis will begin the task of electing delegates to the democratic national convention in June; of appointing district members of the various committees to transact the business of Wednesday, which is to nominate a state ticket and frame a platform.

That platform is a matter of some importance as well as the personnel of the ticket. Unlike the republicans in their recent convention the democrats need not be afraid of the things that they stand for, nor of making an issue of those things that constitute a present issue. A platform like that adopted by the republicans, slopping over everything and touching nothing, may be all right for a party that stands for nothing outside its itch for office, but democracy is of different mold.

Indiana democrats should go to the people with a direct and concise statement of its intents and purposes, and of what the people may expect if democracy is retained in power. The party can be proud of its record of past achievements in this state, and as well in the nation, and "point with pride" to those achievements. It can also, and appropriately "view with alarm" the threats that the opposition is making, that those achievements will be overthrown. However, this is enough. As soon as a political party, large as an individual, begins to content itself with doing on its past, considering its work so well done that there is nothing more to do, just so soon that party and that individual have outlived their usefulness. The democratic party, the progressive party in this state, must to maintain that standing, continue to look into the future and the pursuit of improvement.

We say the democratic party is the progressive party in Indiana. We mean in fact it is the progressive party. There is another party, or was, that passed itself off as the progressive party in name, but finding the progressivism of democracy a too vigorous competition, here as throughout the nation, it has pretty well fallen to pieces. And it is exactly the reason for the immense nothingness that permeates the republican platform, in Indiana, and wherever they have been adopted by the states throughout the nation. There will no doubt be another repetition of it when the republicans convene in national convention. The party is just as stand-pat, just as reactionary as it ever was, only from its experience in 1912 it has learned the necessity of not appearing so. In order to not offend progressive measures, and in order to not offend the bull moose, they must avoid advocating standpatism. The result is

nothingness; an immense nothingness. Democracy has no such stringent situations staring it in the face, and even if it had, straddling is not a typical democratic trait.

Assurances from the republican press that the democrats of Indiana are planning an evasive platform, are merely expression of a wish—"the father of the thought." What really ails the republicans is that they are afraid that is exactly what democracy will not do. They are merely fevered with the probability that the convention tomorrow will present a real progressive democratic platform, and they know full well what that will mean to the bull moose vote, or such of it, as is real progressive and not all Rooseveltian. There were real progressives in 1912, and then again in 1914, who did not realize that they were only following Roosevelt, and not progressive principles, by grabbing the bull moose tail. Many of them are seeing different now. The bull moose party, so far as concerned its leadership designs, was not a progressive party but a Roosevelt party—soreheads following the prince of soreheads on a wrecking expedition. The primal purpose was not to reform the republican party, but to wrest control from the standpat leaders who refused to resign to the wrecking crew. These are the bull moose to whom the republicans have offered enough sop to get them back, but the rank and file of progressives, progressive from principle, are not being so easily duped.

These progressives are independent voters this year. Democracy will get their support just in proportion as it deserves it. The convention at Indianapolis needs to bear this in mind. It needs serve a larger purpose than the formation of a party slate to be pitted against the republican slate in November. It must tell the voters what the men of the democratic slate—the ticket, and a slate is all any party ticket is—will do if given a chance to do it, and then men should be listed in whom the public has the confidence to believe they will make good.

A political party's platform, is, or at least should be, its standing advertisement of what the party is for, and in these days when honest advertising is becoming a vital issue among ad. men, the public has a right to expect delivery that measures up to every promise.

HERBERT S. BIGELOW AGAIN.

Mr. Herbert S. Bigelow is coming again. The Cincinnati ex-clergyman is to address our sort of civic club convention—it the Civic Federation has its way. We may look, therefore, for "the light of God" in Mayor Keller's face, as he, with Mr. Charles Weidner, E. B. Rupe and William Clem, furnish the background while the Cincinnati expounds political piety and the "rule of the people."

This is about the sixteenth time Mr. Bigelow has been heard in South Bend,—always, or at least mainly, we suppose, because he is about the only man Messrs. Weidner and Keller can trust to expound their hypocrisies without spilling the beans. They need someone to talk the Civic club enthusiasts blind to the political machinery that is being made of them; in other words, expound to them the virtue of being dupes without exposing their dupedness.

Ordinarily, a Civic club is supposed to be a sort of open forum for the discussion of public questions, and both sides of it, but not so, it seems, as they are conducted here. When it comes to a public question, it seems altogether one-sided—with Mayor Keller's idiosyncrasies to be confirmed. Try to get before one of these clubs once with some proposition not approved by the city hall chief—and see how quick you can get behind it. It seems to be not only a question of one-sidedness, but a one-sidedness with one man presentations, and that one man—Bigelow.

And we are to have an opportunity to hear him again. Wonderful! We had thought there were other men in the world capable of talking about things worth while, but we are apparently mistaken. He will tell us all about the Ohio constitution again, about the threat to hang Toledo councilmen for disregarding the will of the people, and about the Cincinnati railroad, and then, pointing us to "the light of God that shines on Mayor Keller's face," we can all return to our lairs happy and contented—that we know it all.

A CHANCE FOR PRACTICE.

Just as a sort of practice game—fitting ourselves for the finale in the November fray—we ought to take up with the cry from Panama—"come over and help us," to borrow a bit of the Biblical. Panama is to hold a presidential election in July, and both the political parties opposed to the present administration over there have asked the United States to supervise the performance.

Pres't Porras doesn't take kindly to the idea. However, the frequent report of riots and disorders in various parts of the Panama republic doesn't bear out Pres't Porras in his assurance of an honest, fair and impartial election. The "ins" have a chronic habit of getting back in, down Panama way, regardless of the will of the majority.

The Panama political embroglio is a sore which takes a lot of healing. We want peace and tranquility—for at least a breathing spell—down around the canal zone as we never wanted it before. It would be the part of wisdom for Uncle Sam to kind of look on while the voting is being done in July.

Perhaps we could establish a few precedents for respectable following here in the states.

INDEPENDENCE? HUH!

Prof. Richard Ely of Wisconsin university is probably right when he says that man is most independent "when he wants least, cares least, has least, knows least and is least," but he might have said the same of an oyster, or a Patagonian, or one of the old cave-men.

It is man's duty to want much, care much, have much, know much and be much. These are legitimate, righteous aspirations and, if they are attained through humane, square dealing, there is only good in them.

Really, there is no such thing as absolute independence. A person always owes and is capable of some service to his fellows, and, hence, is dependent upon his fellows for the happiness that comes through service performed. The man who neither wants, cares, nor has is a mollusk, with the shell closed and not worth mention by a college professor. The only independence worth while is that portion of independence that comes through striving and serving, humanely and honorably, with all the capability given you.

WANTED MALE HELP.

A Deming, N. M., grand jury has indicted Francisco Villa for murder in the first degree as a sequel to the Columbus raid.

Any good man out of a job may get an appointment as deputy sheriff of Luna county. They want someone to serve the warrant on Francisco.

It was simply cruel of Ford to run his machine over Uncle William Alden Smith lengthwise.

The Melting Pot

Filled by the Editorial Staff.

MY BROTHER.
I ain't done nothin' I will admit, And don't expect I'll be a hit, But me and my dear mother Are sure stuck on my brother. I never did care much to go and roam And git miles and miles away from home, But, say, take for instance my brother, He's been from one coast to the other. He's makin' money hand over fist, And wears a gold watch on his wrist; They ain't nobody kin make money go further, Than that kid I call my little brother.

He wrote me a letter the other day, And wanted \$10 until he got his pay. I sent it 'cause I'd really ruther Send it than keep it from my brother.

—
We wonder—why no moving picture director has thought of using one person to play two parts.

—
The ebony philosopher says, "One smile before breakfast beats a dozen after dinner."

—
When I see a thing I write, And see how they rewrite it, It never makes a hit, For they always misquote it.

BOMB THROWING.

We guarantee to teach any applicant the fine art of bomb throwing in five lessons. We have had several who were finished articles after the first lesson, although a number have managed to complete the course. After our fifth lesson you will be able to lift the eyebrow, the mustache or the rim worn glasses from your enemy without damaging his disposition.

—
Mary had some slither hose, That fit her angle tightly, But she had an awful task Getting the things off nightly.

MOVIE STUFF.

He rose from his bed although thought dead, to rescue the maid, from the plot the villain laid, while the weather was down below zero. For he was the moving picture hero.

—
Although the army is ready to move, it has nothing on a hundred thousand people right here in the United States. So are they.

—
May 1 has been designated as moving day. The reason for this is that it is moving day.

—
Mr. Villa is still the elusive Mexican—even though he be alive he seems to be pretty well buried in Mexico.

—
We have often noticed that though a man may be killed by a rumor he is not always dead. The only thing a rumor can kill is one's reputation.

—
And Villa's reputation is rumor proof.

—
O'Brien at present seems to be the First Chief's big chief.

—
A PERSONAL LETTER.
To Each and Every Farmer Who Comes to Walkerton.

The editor of the Independent says if we do not advertise in his paper you will forget that we are still doing business at Machinery Hall. To settle the matter, we have waged him the heels off of Villa's shoes against a German submarine that he is mistaken, and to prove this we will set up the cigars to the farmers who cut this article out and present it at our office.

Yours for a smoke,
C. L. GRANGER.
—Walkerton Independent.

ADAM CROOK SEZ

If that feller Villa is really dead, he must have dyed of old age. Why don't you brite newspaper head riter cum forward and refer to the trouble with Berlin as a crisis.

—
A Mexican can make the ordinary northern Indiana weather take a rear seat when it comes to changes.

—
If you happen to be plugging for the Detroit team to cop, you must have had anything but pleasant thoughts when you read: "Cobb and Crawford out of the lineup for several days."

—
"Deneen to rip veil off G. O. P.," says headline. Sort of unmasking the old lady.

—
Bacon vs. Shakespeare has finally been settled by a court's decision. Wonderful how fast our courts do move.

—
Along with the unloaded guns place the souvenir shells. Both are dangerous.

—
We did intend to write an Easter poem, but the man who works Sundays beat us to it. At any rate one cannot paint a dull gray day in brilliant colors.

—
A campaign for purification along literary lines seems under way at Paris, where a Galsworthy novel has been taken from the Dulaney library and burned at the stake, and one of the newspapers will print the names of all adults calling for a recent number of a magazine which, it is said, contains an improper story.—Kansas City Times.

—
Graham county, Arizona, has a cave prison built in the rock cliffs. The entrance to the prison is closed by a small stone building, separated from the cell rooms by heavy steel gates.

STATESMEN GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT

By Fred Kelly.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—Senator James Hamilton Lewis is a man kindly disposed, and find opportunity ever and anon to shed sunshine, even apart from that reflected by the bright glitter of his fine pink whiskers. For example, this happened:

One Sunday morning a sight-seeing van, carrying a big cargo of tourists, was bowling over a Washington street when one of the passengers espied Senator Lewis over on the sidewalk strolling jauntily along. It was the first time he had ever seen Lewis, but he had read of him and seen pictures of him. Noting the spats and the merry gait and everything, he was certain it could be none other than Jim himself. Now, this passenger yearned to do something which would make his companions look up to him as a person of consequence. He wished to have some prominent statesman bow to him and thus convince all the other passengers that one among them was somebody important. As he looked at Lewis he thought how fine it would be if Lewis only knew him and would speak to him.

On a sudden inspiration, he yelled at Lewis: "Good morning, senator!" Lewis never saw the man before, of course, but he caught his point of view, and hastened to lend himself to the little plot. With a deep and impressive bow, Senator Lewis waved a friendly salute to the tourist, and in clear, bell-like tones exclaimed:

"Well, well, I'm very happy to see you again!"

The tourist will always love Lewis for that "again!"

—
The scene is a Washington hat store. Standing in front of a mirror is Senator Harry Lane, of Oregon, trying on a modish hat which he regards as amenable to his type of manly beauty. He turns to a bystander, whom he believes to be a clerk, but who, if the truth were known, is Congressman John J. Fitzgerald, chairman of the appropriations committee and asks him what he thinks of the hat.

Fitzgerald assumes that Lane has recognized him and is simply seeking a calm, unbiased, friendly opinion. He declares that the hat seems to him very neat and attractive. "And how much is it?" asks Lane. Still Fitzgerald does not think he has been mistaken for a clerk, but assumes that Lane is addressing him in a spirit of gay banter. He enters into the thing, notes the price mark and tells Lane he can have the hat for \$5.

—
"The one of the best we have for the money," he adds. "I was thinking of taking one just like it out of stock for my own head."

—
"Oh, very well, wrap 'er up," says Lane. So Chairman Fitzgerald takes the hat to the proprietor, has it wrapped up, collects the money, which he turns into the proper channels, and Senator Lane does not find out until long after that the hat clerk was one of the most powerful figures in congress.

—
Young Sydney E. Mudd, only 31 years old, congressman from Maryland, is more comely than Congressman Jimmy Gallivan of Massachusetts. It may be that Mudd is for that reason more easily remembered than Gallivan, whose publicist traditions are scarcely equal to those of John Swan, the dancer, who has himself billed as the most beautiful man in America. Be all that as it may, this occurred:

Gallivan walked up to young Mudd just outside one of the house entrances and introduced himself.

"My name's Gallivan," he said, "and I'm from Boston. I happen to know Bill So-and-So, who, I believe, was in college with you. He wants to be remembered to you."

"Well, well," replied Mudd. "I'm glad to hear from Bill. You're from Boston, you say? And what brings you to Washington, Mr. Gallivan? Are you visiting in the city?"

***** SCRAP *****

Panamas are woven under water. Fox trapping on the Pribilof Islands has been very successful.

—
English factories manufacture about 250,000 needles each week. Persons with blue eyes are rarely afflicted with color blindness.

—
Fish, rice and vegetables are the principal articles of the Asiatic market basket. Irrigation projects under consideration for India involve about 10,000,000 acres of land.

—
The orange crop of the country started from a few slips sent from Brazil by a missionary. The average meat consumption of the entire world is about 39 pounds a year per capita, but the American eats 172 pounds a year.

—
Goods imported from the United States to Australia are frequently held up until satisfactory proof is presented that they were manufactured in the United States.

—
When business again opens up in Mexico that country is expected to offer an important market for automobiles and motor trucks and delivery cars. It is now nearly four years since Mexico was eliminated as a market.

—
Most of the shipbuilding yards in Sweden have enough work on hand to keep them busy until the end of next year. Most of the ships are for Swedish firms. Danish and Norwegian builders are also busy on boats for Swedish owners. Thus Sweden's merchant marine will be greatly increased.

—
Nearly two years ago Miss Fowler, 15 years old, and her sisters of Kittery Point, Me., inclosed their names, ages and address in a bottle and set it adrift. Recently they received a letter from M. J. Malade, St. Palais, France, saying that a coast guard had picked up the bottle at that place.

WITH OTHER EDITORS THAN OURS

NEW BULLET EXTRACTOR.

(London Times.)

The war has brought into being many ingenious pieces of apparatus designed to aid the surgeon in his difficult work. Some of these instruments are much too complicated to be described in the pages of a lay journal, but there are others the value of which can be appreciated readily by any one.

Among these is a bullet extractor, introduced with the object of facilitating what is often a tedious and difficult operation. In the first place, the operation is performed in the dark, the bullet being visible by the shadow thrown by X-rays. In the second place, the bullet must be removed with the least possible danger of injury to important structures. In the third place, the operation of removal must be made as easy as practicable.

The first object has been secured by fitting a fluorescent screen to the apparatus in such a manner, that, if the X-ray tube be placed under the table and the room darkened, the shadow of the bullet and the points of the forceps will be visible continuously. But the solution of one difficulty in this case raises another—that of the darkened room. Cutting instruments cannot be used unless the surgeon can see what is doing, and as this instrument has to work in the dark it is constructed with a blunt point that will work its way down between appreciable damage, pressing structures aside rather than through them.

A very powerful pair of forceps is necessary to grip and extract a bullet, and a great deal of damage might be done if something that was not seen, perhaps an artery or a nerve, was picked up along with the bullet. Accordingly the blades of the forceps are attached to an electric bell which only rings when both the blades are touching the bullet. Therefore, if the bell is made to grasp the bullet, and if the bell continues to ring when the bullet is seized, nothing else can have been picked up besides the bullet, and there is no danger in pulling it out. The surgeon using this instrument can therefore not only see what he is doing, but, by means of the bell, he has a very accurate sense of touch for any piece of metal that he is watching the point of his forceps attempting to pick up from among the structures deep down below the skin.

The instrument has been used with success in a number of cases.

HE WAS DIFFERENT.

(Grand Rapids Herald.)

Americans in general have a sneering notion that every Mexican is at heart an coward. When it comes to a real "showdown" we expect the Mexican to show his "yellow streak." But the other day a "greaser" here gave his life in an attempt to save a party of American women from the Villa bandits in the raid on Columbus, N. M.

Jose Pereyra was the Carranza consul at Columbus. From the popular impression of a "greaser" we expected to hear that Pereyra had disappeared after the first shot was fired. The newspaper report told of the finding of Pereyra's body just over the border in Mexico, but he wasn't killed while fleeing from the bandits.

According to Mrs. W. L. Ritchie, an American woman whose husband was killed before her eyes by the Villa raiders, Pereyra stood between a number of American women and a group of the bandits as they invaded a Columbus hotel. "Don't shoot," he gave his life in an attempt to save the white women. But the murderers refused to believe him, and when he was discovered Pereyra was dragged away.

Had he been willing to stand aside while those white women were murdered or captured Pereyra undoubtedly would have been living today. He preferred to risk his life, and it is probable that the short delay which his effort caused saved the women, as a force of American soldiers arrived in time to drive the bandits off. But they took Pereyra with them.

There are heroes of every color and every race, but they never are found under a leader who encourages murder and profanation of womanhood.

ROOSEVELT IS IN.

(Lowell, Mass., Sun.)

Roosevelt is in, with both feet, and harmony is in, too. It promises to be the 1912 situation all over again with Roosevelt either ruling or wrecking the republican fortunes. There is absolutely no element of surprise in his belated decision, for everybody with a five-year memory could decide without outside help that Theodore Roosevelt was not only ready but willin'. Now that the great step is taken his followers are becoming alarmed, for he has an unfortunate knack of making enemies at awkward times. In contrast the Hughes candidacy is appealing to the thoughtful and the more conservative, and the democrats are watching the outcome with interest.

Pres't Wilson's warmest supporters would rather see Roosevelt in the fight than Hughes whose qualities are very like those of the present chief executive. It would not be Roosevelt unless he berated his opponents soundly and he is now turning the vises of his wrath on the placid chief justice. Unless the American people are carried away by war hysteria, they will not select for a third term a disturber whose reputation for emotionalism and practical politics does not recommend him for a crisis in our history.

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